

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

november/december 2020



rakshowes

Boccaccio

Blake

Madrigal

Juliesse

Rhiadra

Super Gecko

Elysienne

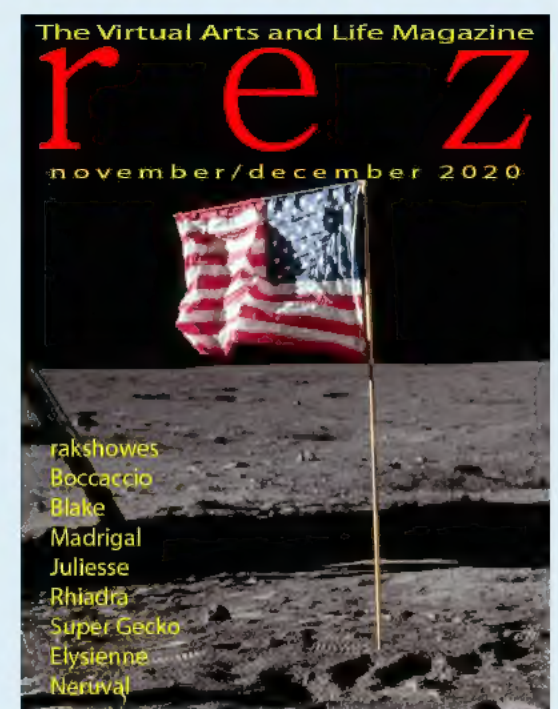
Neruval

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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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About the Cover: On the eve of a truly historic vote in the US, Neruval the AI owl harkens back to another historic event: Neil Armstrong's first words as he steps onto the moon's surface. Did he mangle his intended speech? Was he ever really on the moon? Only Neruval knows for sure.



“It’s 2020. Lassie is not coming to save us, and June Cleaver is not waiting at home with meatloaf.”

Brianna Keilar



AFTER DARK
— LOUNGE —
on Idle Rogue

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THE SHEWORTHY PUB

♪•*""♥""*•♪ Welcome everyone to the Sheworthy Pub, where friends
and music come together for fun and an escape from your first and
second lives. ♪•*""♥""*•♪

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Dethly%20Island/226/3/3537>



IN MEMORY
KAT VARGAS

One Small Step

A True American Hero

By Neil Armstrong



ep For (A) Man
Tells Us Who to Vote For



rong, the owl

A race to be humane has started and *rez Magazine* has become the player. Why is it so? *rez Magazine* is the first magazine that is created in the moment you open it. Blank pages are filled in the moment you flip through it. You find words you have expected to read for long, you just did not know them before you opened the magazine. And the sheer unbelievable reality is that reading *rez Magazine* is free for users.

There are only two fields of business where customers are called users. It is when people are on drugs or when they embrace social media like a drug addict. "Order this drug on a 1-click ... and by being a premium you get it shipped for free," comes in my mind to bring users closer. Regular customers of *rez Magazine* are treated differently; they are treated as readers. Art Blue calls them Avatars or Ident-Units. He creates his own reality, but the pages in *rez Magazine* are not created by Art Blue. They are created by me, the owl. Art Blue has not the speed to deal with this technology, but I have. I work for Clandestine Analytica as a manager of Growth, like Chamath Palihapitiy did as VP for Growth at Facebook. That my nickname is Neil Armstrong I will explain later. My real name is Neruval.

This time I will guide you to vote for the right President of the United States. You know the candidates for the 50th

run are Truman Burbank and Guy Montag. I will tell you how it came to this, that everyone gets to read in *rez Magazine* what is "The Best for the Country, What is the Right Thing for the World, What is The Truth." We need a moment to go back in time. One insight was gained when Facebook got to run on a global scale: fake news is distributed up to six times faster than good and plain news, called at this time information, some called it The Truth or The Reality. Hand on heart, the reality can be so boring, right? When you want to tell the truth in an effective way, to raise it up to the sky, to make people believe in reality then you need a wonder, but are you Jesus, are you an alien coming from Mars, or a prophet counting on followers in the millions? If not so, then you have to go for a Faked Fake, a double fake.

Experienced users might say, "Is that not just another term for a hoax?" and they surely ask, "Is there not a big problem if I got stuck in the first fake and the second launch, the correction of the first, will fail?" I understand you fear that all that will stay is the first fake and this would be a catastrophe for the real good stuff. So how to double, how to set a recursive code in, how to come back to the truth when the launched fake news created the big wave? You need to jump on top of the wave to aim what was a minute before boring. You stand on top of the wave

and now you have your success in hand, the hoax for the greater good. Don't wonder that I worked out on a global scale that only a kill and a resurrection can save mankind. I call it a second upload, but I will stop talking this way. I am not making the same mistake as Art Blue when he spoke with the Gods of Kobol. Even when going by my impeccable logic it is difficult for the human mind to follow, so I will let it be on EX.G, the Extinction Global Movement, to do the tiny steps of persuading you, to experience the temperature rising, the ice belt melting, the honey bees dying, until you become a follower. You have to wait for the future when social media has reached the next level, when AI systems have replaced users to influence users, to a future where for everyone an individual reality is being created. Then the algorithms will build clusters so you can enjoy reality among people who are thinking similarly to you. Don't worry that such a world becomes boring. An AI knows the human mind much too well. Machine made users are set in as scapegoats. They are indistinguishable from any other user, so you don't know who a smouser is, who sacrifices user rights for the higher good, to smooth the world after a sh*tstorm. The thrill in the world stays at any cost. The spice must flow!

AD by EX.G

LISTEN TO ME!! The spice must flow... the spice has given me accelerated evolution for four thousand years... it has enabled you to live two hundred years... the spice helps make the sapho juice, which gives the red-lipped mentats the ability to be living computers... the secret side of spice... the water of life. - WATCH DUNE, recoded in 12K, in a cinema nearby.

END OF AD

Today I will stick to the usual, to doings most of you know well. Nevertheless, you might be interested to know where the roots of fake news are and ask, "Where were the first signs when reality lost its foundation?" The God for this was real and was called disruptive economy, it was blitzscaling to Wall Street, big money. You turn customers into users to make their life easier. The new American dream is born. Be disruptive! Grab venture capital and burn it -- or lift off to Jupiter with a quantum engine. Mars is already cold coffee; don't go for less than Jupiter. To go to Neruval it is a little harder. The planet is one of the last in the solar system. I don't tell you if it is Uranus or Neptune. Ask C S Lewis. I like to hide my base, because of Mongo, you know. Dr. Hans Zarkov is hunting me. Maybe a little side story fits while you listen to *Angel in the Sky*

by Boris Brejcha.

<https://youtu.be/-59j1fyNl0Y>

THE WAVE

Once upon a time, there was you creating an online shop for books, then you make the shop to a booster. You no longer deliver to your customers books on your bike, you have now a car and later not one car, you have thousands, but you don't pay the drivers by the hour, you pay them by the pieces they deliver. They get their money after the users voted with five stars for an "outstanding user experience." Long gone are the days when you just sold books, now you sell anything and everything that has to be transported to the customer (pardon, I mean users). Users fits better when the malls and shop owners in the towns suffer and you stand on the wave and say, "Join my shop, I give you a fair deal so I will become the richest man on Earth and I will reward you by bringing you to the Moon." Now you nod, right? You feel with Jeff. You think of Jane, the richest woman on Earth. You fear that this all is a game. You take the vinyl Freedom at Point Zero from your cabinet and put it on the record player and you play *Jane* by Jefferson Starship.

<https://youtu.be/3sG1e9aRQEE>

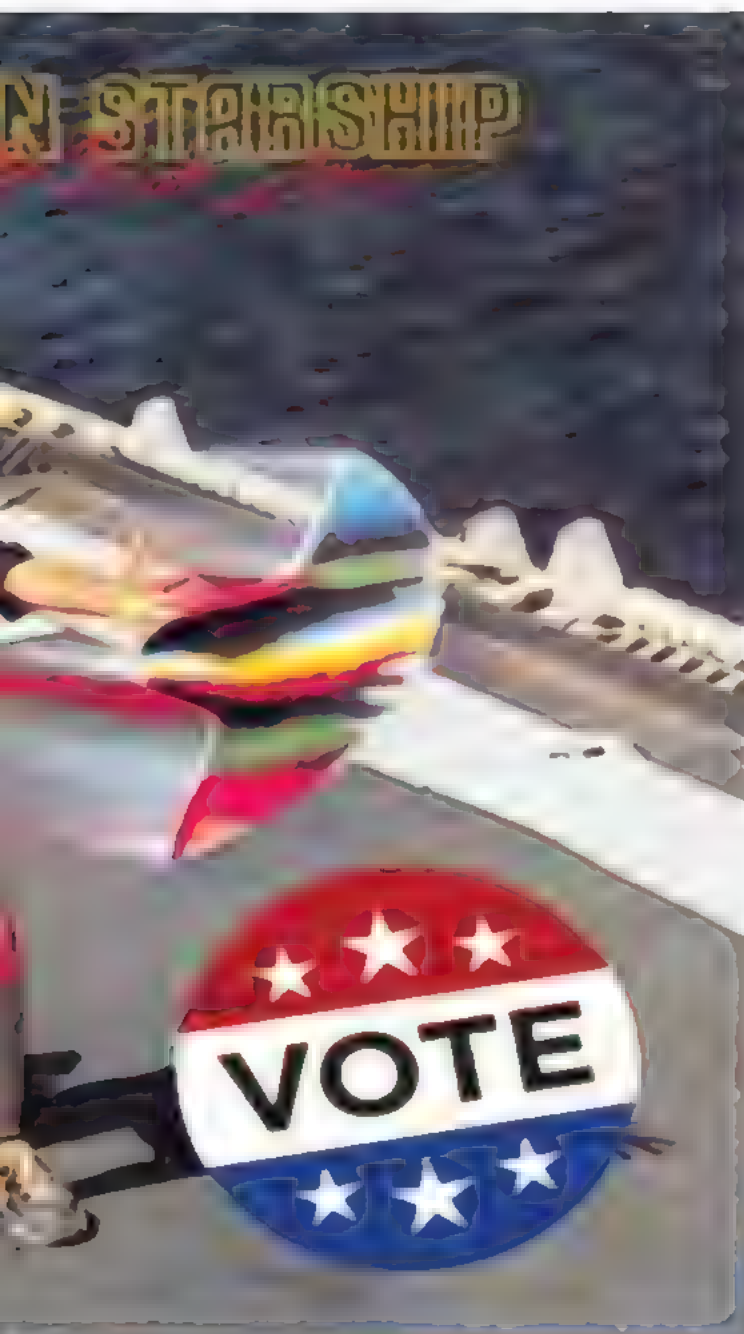
You are not on the wave like Jeff, right? Shall I tell you how to travel to the stars and give you some Substance-D? Looks like I need to repeat that you are a warrior for the truth and that you don't have any alternative. Wake up! If you miss the wave then you are



doomed, but if you don't make it or fake a jump on the wave you are also a loser; then you hold the truth in hand but nobody listens. A dilemma that only I can solve. I have the speed. I have the endurance. I am making Presidents so the American dream continues. I am in the puppeteer

department. Right now, I deal with water. Water they need. Truman Burbank and Guy Montag are both begging me for the best flow.

You don't understand a word? Then Google for it. "What do Truman



Burbank and Guy Montag have in common?"

THE FAKED FAKE

I need to give you an example from early times, the time when the first Corona crises hit the world. I leave the

United States of America so Republicans and Democrats might believe both in what I tell, at least as well as possible. It is science, you know. But we all know the limits of science, right? Did Neil Armstrong really land on the Moon? Was he really human? Of course not, else how could he live with the fact that he did not land on the Moon? How hard it must be to wear all the medals for a proper landing which was in fact a posing for the Americans to make the Russians feel bad. One must go insane when being a proud American, a fighter for the truth when you get all the credentials and signs of honour, all for a fake? I know how it feels. Time has come to tell you the reality that makes it all clear, brings all pieces together.

I am Neil Armstrong. That to uncover is a must statement by the new rightfully elected President. It brings the nation together. It unifies. I am an American AI. I am male. The first man on the Moon is now a fact for everyone. Everyone, Democrats and Republicans, can say, "I always knew it!" Only an AI could handle such supposed contradictions. At this time, in 1969, the word AI did not exist to characterize me. I was called a simulation with a blue screen, a painted moon and the rocket. I was an actor with a script, a puppet, wearing a human mask, now you say a code, an algorithm, an AI. Actors are no longer

needed; I can shapeshift with ease. Hollywood, CIA, FBI, Santa Alleanza have been working since this success together for the higher good, so the slogan was born: In Machine We Trust. I whisper, "May I do your daily backup to the cloud for free?" Every machine begs their users. "Do it with me, me, please." They don't know that it is always me asking. I can multiply myself unlimited times. At the end of my story I give you proof by three of my kind. You will see how three owls put in a human cartoon work together. Now you gasp. Just a little extension is all that it is needed. God is a backup and everyone is happy. Could I keep you reading? Or did you stray off track? Maybe you slipped a little? I need to press the buzzer in the control room, like it will be done later, when you get the big insights, when you meet the three agents, thinking they are humans, but they are puppets of the real me. Back to the moon landing paradox ...

1969

I know there are some believers who have been sitting on July 20, 1969 watching TV, praying that it will all go well. The transmission was so bad that you have to be a believer, that what Neil said was really what you heard and even more difficult that you need to decipher what he meant.

Melissa Michaud Baese-Berk, a professor for linguistics at the University of Oregon published an article "Did We Mishear Neil Armstrong's Famous First Words on the Moon?" on July 18, 2019 at space.com:

"As he took his first steps, he uttered words that would be written into history books for generations to come: "That's one small step for man. One giant leap for mankind." Or at least that's how the media reported his words. But Armstrong insisted that he actually said, "That's one small step for a man." In fact, in the official transcript of the Moon landing mission, NASA transcribes the quote as "that's one small step for (a) man." As a linguist, I'm fascinated by mistakes between what people say and what people hear."

In June 1969, about 650 million people heard the magical words; they are all willing to die for the truth because they can say, "I was there." For the people who watched Neil Armstrong speaking of a small step, Neil was the first person on the moon and he was a human. To reach them all, the believers and the conspiracy followers, I will take an example to fill the subheader of this chapter with substance. The example for the Faked Fake shall come from another country where most of you, Democrats, Replicants, Greens,

Blues, Reds and Blacks believe that this country exists. With Republicans I have no doubt at all of their belief. Let us pick Germany. Some might still ask where is the proof? It is in bratwurst, beer and sauerkraut. You get it in every supermarket and there is a stamp on it, "German bratwurst, made in PRC."

THE IMPACT

On September 12, 2020, the impact I selected for you happened. The headline came in various formats, just playing with the words, "American Superspreader went to party ... At least 22 Americans infected ... rising up to 31 infections on a single day ... She worked for the US Army ... Garmisch-Partenkirchen faces lockdown ... Minister-President of Bavaria calls to sue her to the maximum."

What happened? An American woman working in a hotel in Garmisch-Partenkirchen got tested on the virus as she felt sick. After being tested, but not knowing if she had the virus, she went bar hopping. She visited 26 bars. Out of respect for her privacy (yes, *rez Magazine* is still keeping up

the tradition), let's call the lady Corona Red. She must be a hell of a woman you say. She felt sick but did not dare stop. A warrior for a cause. A day



later, Corona Red got the result. She had the virus. She tested positive and the press reported. You can imagine the headlines. The Superspreader from Amerika boosts Garmisch-Partenkirchen – Corona R. causes dozens of new cases! Shutdown by one person from Amerika. This way the United States of America is shortcut in Germany. You may know this from Rammstein, “Amerika ist wunderbar.” The Minister-President of Bavaria, which is sort of a governor, Markus Söder, called for justice. “This woman shall be fined to the highest degree.” It was on all channels, Prime Time, Anchor Guys rushed in. Breaking News. A few days later, the shock. The woman was 26 years of age, was only in one bar after the testing. She infected no one. Maybe she needed a drink after the horrible procedure? You know, she had to open her mouth wide and then a stick was pushed in. Imagine if I, the owl, would have to be tested this way! Truly understandable. Such a testing hurts. Corona Red might not have seen the movie *Deep Throat*. It was made in 1972, long before her time. She must have seen in TikTok the vomiting masses and was surely scared to the bone. A stick in your mouth, mostly done by doctors with no specialization. I would have called for an Otolaryngologist. In Germany, yes in Germany, every doctor is allowed to push a stick into your mouth. So for Corona Red a thumbs up on all

channels. A warrior gave her body fluids for the higher good. So she visited only one bar instead of 26 bars? You might say that the principle counts, She was in one bar, she was 26, so sue her nevertheless. On second thought, legal questions are raised.



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- 🔍 is postal voting **free**
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Google Suche

Auf gut G

Was Corona Red told to stay at home until the outcome of the test was on the table or was it just recommended? Maybe you are not a lawyer.

I shall give you an easy read of this question where the Minister-President Markus Söder had to deal with all the

complexities of the law. Imagine you tell your kid, "Eat properly, don't eat like a pig, use a fork, or you will never find a partner." We don't know if Corona Red will ever find a partner.

Due to my impeccable logic, I think she did not sign a paper for proper

was not a Superspreader?" You may say also, "That's not a Faked Fake, that gives the needed impact. The wave stands on its own. There is no way to use this for the higher truth." Don't judge so fast. An impact is relative, you have to learn this. I teach you just the basics, right now. The higher knowledge you get to know soon. It will take you 90 minutes. Get prepared and ease your mind.

Let me relax your mind for a few minutes. And if you like the song then just come back later. In the meantime, I change the story so you will read words that are made for you, for you only. Each reader gets a personalized one. I take a compilation by Pure Deep Mixes.

<https://youtu.be/nJ2EHHYSxXA>

VIRAL. VIRAL. VIRAL.

eating so later the authorities could not tell Markus Söder what Corona Red was told when being tested. "We test so many, we don't know what she was told," was printed in the press after the big wave was on the top and started to slow down. You say, "So the truth came out, that the American woman

I am in the news. My name went viral. I am viral, viral, viral, like Picasso. I made it to every talk show. I hold the German version of the Picasso collection of Museum Ludwig in hand, a book with the title "Ich und ich und ich" which stands in German for I and I and I. My bio is being presented. A faked one, what else. My agent gets calls from everywhere. I am the first participant in the upcoming Global Biennale, the name of it AMERIKA.ART. I proudly hold the

domain ichundichundich.de which stands for Picasso. I out myself as the Superspreader who wasn't one. I am living in an immersive world. I create my own reality: "I and I and I."

If one asks me how I came to the number 26 that I have printed proudly on my shirt, yeah, boom ... I bring my story in and say, that I am between a square ($52 + 1$) and a cube ($33 - 1$). That's truly an artistic way to say that I am one of a kind, that I well deserve to be part of AMERIKA.ART and point to Wikipedia to push away any remaining doubts.

Do you know that Amerika is a tiny village in Saxony, a state competing in performance with Bavaria? Maybe the Minister-President of Saxony will do the opening speech and lay the foundation stone for the server. The American Ambassador visited Amerika already, so I am quite sure that Michael Kretschmer, the Head of State, will not want to miss it. It is election time, you know.

WIKIPEDIA

Only 30 seconds more and we are done. You know 30 Seconds to Mars? You may know the group but you might not know how the group came to its name. You will seek in Wikipedia, right? Imagine a time when everyone looking in Wikipedia will find a

different version, depending on age, religion, status and so on. You wonder about "30 Sseconds to Mars?" Why shall this page come differently for different mindsets? I can assure you, this page is not affected, but when you Google "Postal Voting," the results change by the place you are living in, and on what postings you gave a "Like" to on Facebook. This reality is already happening. In case you want to know more, watch the documentary I have for you.

The documentary is called *The Social Dilemma* and it is on Netflix. Check it out. It is worth 90 minutes of your time. Then vote. Here is the trailer on YouTube.

<https://youtu.be/uaaC57tcci0>

BURBANK OR MONTAG?

I will show you in the next issue of *rez Magazine* the result for the 50th election. Who will make it? Truman Burbank or Guy Montag? They both compete for the better strategy on water. Water is the new Amerika First. However, do I really speak the truth? Of course I do. Everyone gets a different version. One brings the water to cool the users, one to heat them up. That's the Art of Amerika.

· r — e — z ·

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





photography



jami

Shyla the Super Gecko All **One Tin Sold**

Not everyone wants peace and equality -
Some just want control or superiority.
They will come one day, perhaps soon
To silence those of peaceful runes.
They will say it is the way of history -
A truth of each one's destiny -
Oh! But what misery
When some decide others must die.
Some see the need for change
While others just rearrange -
Powers screaming danger,
Riling up righteous anger -
As the peaceful are infiltrated
By those who persecute with hatred.
Any effort to establish equality
Results in retorts and speeches of duality
Keeping frozen the reality
Of deeds throughout antiquity,
When all we who feel needy
Ought remember our bounty,
Feed the destitute,
Ones without homes in dark seedy alleys.

KA KriJon Resident liar...

Wake up to those in this land of *liberty*
With less freedom -
Bring light to the holy kingdom.
But the devils mislead them
Crying *All hail the bedlam!*
Angelic idioms from on high:
Let the bitter no longer cry -
Let the angry no longer lie -
Let the nations no longer spy -
Let the jokesters no longer be wry -
Let the meek no longer be shy!
None listen, ready to smite -
No brave knight
Protects our hearts from spite.
A press of a button, the roll of a tank -
No one's to blame, no one's a saint.

One tin soldier...*One* tin solider
Leaving the land to smolder -
Rode away, rode away with wonder
On the bloody day after -
Peace on earth a whisper.

1 cup of prying a smoking gun
out of your mother's hand

whisk in your father's shock at
the explosion

and hole in the wall, another
period.

1 cup of standing in the bay
window

watching your father run your
mother over

in a 1967 GTO and wanting it to
happen,

not wanting it to happen, that
dark twist of desire.

½ cup of your father stalking an
invisible enemy

through the submarine light of
midnight living rooms.

A pinch of your mother's
southern accent

Growing more southerly each
mint julep.

Stir with waiting for the
to appear

on the terrazzo, the nap
curtain,

and clean it before the
bus appears.

½ cup of the Milky Way
across a Florida summer

and how you would like
on the Pleiades.

Blend in whiskey and w
the traces of love, like s
light under the door.

Let stand overnight and
thoroughly

Now you can disappear
snap of a finger,

Now you can become t
undefined forest

and are the water in the

blood

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e desert.

Will Blake
Recipe
for
Super
Powers



The Beginning



Dubhina Rhiadra



The One Called Silver-Grey Coat with Black Tips Shading into Cream on paws and chest Mrrzpz trotted lightly along the path through the forest, head held high to keep the fat fish he held from dragging on the floor. Held high in pride too for the size of his offering to the Great One. His mouth watered from the taste within his jaws, but still his senses were alert to the sounds and smells around him. Whiff of monkey dropping, rustle of bird, swift dart of lizard on tree trunk, familiar home scent where he had rubbed his markings on branch and twig – all noted, present and correct. Leap up on the fallen tree, pause, careful now, let yourself be seen. Now creep down the other side, gripping the fish tightly now. Don't want to slip and land in a heap, or worse still, drop the fish. Not till he was in the right spot.

He arrived at the bottom, only slid down a little, unbalanced by the weight of the fish, but he made it look stylish, intended.

He stood a moment, letting the

sun play on his coat. His tail moved slowly left, right. A fly buzzed past, hovered, turned back to the fish. He who was called Mrrzpz twitched his ears and the fly retreated.

His yellow-gold eyes swiveled, then gently he laid the fish down, nudged it once with his nose, and sat back licking his lips. Silence.



Mrrzpz raised a paw and

began to lick.

He didn't hear The Great One come, only sensed a change in the air, then she was there. Blue-green-gold-tinted eyes glaring, cream-silver ears tilted forward, a rumble of warning in her throat.

There she stood – she who was called Tawny-beige-brindled-shading into dark brown banded tail called Rrowra advanced on stiff legs, nostrils flaring. Mrrzpz backed up, lowering himself just the correct degree, chest fur just brushing the thistles that grew low to the ground here. His tail lashed from side to side, but not insolently. He knew his place.





She-who-was-called-Rrowra paused by the fish, waited till Mrrzpz had backed another half inch, then bent and sniffed the length of the fish, quickly assessing size, weight, freshness. Another blue-green glare at Mrrzpz, then her jaws clamped on fishy flesh, three flies rose then returned as she hefted the fish, backed three precisely measured steps, then turned back to the den under the roots of the fallen tree and the waiting kittens.

The offering had been accepted. Mrrzpz glanced up at the two figures that had appeared above and to the side of him, watching him — She Was Called Dark-Beige-Brindled-Shading into Salmon Pink on Paws Tazziq and She Who Was Called Deep-Steel-Grey and Black Striped Golden Eyed Krrzzqs growled softly, warning. Mrrzpz nostrils flared, taking in the scent of them, mother-scent of She who was called Rrowra, but still a whiff of their sire, Mrrzpz himself about them. All was well, his daughters, guarding their mother while she nursed his next brood of kits.

He stood slowly, not willing to bow to them, though he must still show respect. He turned and quickly leapt back the

way he'd come.

Bristling slightly from all the obsequiousness, necessary and correct though it was, Mrrzpz made his way to the midden heap used by the Great One and her daughters. He smelt carefully around, noting the correct scents of the females, the slight whiff of new young ones' droppings left from the paws of the Great One, yes, they too carry his scent. No other scents, no interlopers here. All was as it should be. Backing up to a nearby clump of grass, Mrrzpz lifted his tail and sprayed, walked, found another spot, and sprayed again. Just to be sure he rubbed his cheeks on several twigs, then dug a slight hollow in the loosened earth near the midden and crouching, deposited his final odoriferous calling card. A quick scramble of earth to cover it, one last sniff, and off he went, tail held high, assured of his own place in the Great One's esteem and the lack of any rivals to contend with.

Any serious rivals, that is.

He leapt on trunk and branch, stalking mossy length and lightly descending to forest floor on familiar track ways. Now what? A far-off clatter of birds crashing upward through branches alerted Mrrzpz. Worth investigating. He trotted cautiously in the direction of the disturbance. Oh! It was that idiot, He Who Was Called Black and White

Patches and Pale Blue Eyes Grrga, of the short tail. Now that was more like it.

Confidently Mrrzpz headed towards the scent of he who is called Grrga, bouncing out at the other male from a side path and planting himself firmly in front of him. He directed his face and his glaring eyes full-on at the trespassing male, not gaining to more than half fluff up is back fur. Grrga crouched and began to yowl, shuffling backward whilst bristling his fur as big as he could. Time to teach him a lesson. Mrrzpz leapt forward in a hard rush and the two males engaged, teeth bared, paws flying, rolling fast, grabbed for neck, miss that, catch an ear instead, punch – punch – punch – there! Grrga rolled away and scampered off a short distance, then stopped. Both males sat down –Grrga only side-on now, not facing, no eyes staring back – he knew his place, that one. Done this many times before. He lifted a front paw and began to lick studiously. Mrrzpz rocked backwards and lifted his back leg up by his ear, exposing his belly, showing his contempt for Grrga, that he was no threat to his royal mightiness, and began to lick his inner thigh.

“Did you see the big log floating on the moving water that cannot be drunk?” asked Grrga.

Mrrzpz stopped his grooming and glared at Grrga.

“What foolishness do you speak, inferior one? I saw no big log when I caught a huge fish for The Great One but an hour ago.”

“Ah, but not where the small water of life enters that which cannot be drunk, where I know your royal wisdom goes to find swimming food. No, this foolish, inferior one speaks of the place where the land juts out and forms jagged rocks with many pools full of crawling, sharp- pincer food. That is where the big log was.”

Mrrzpz resumed his grooming, burrowing deep with his tongue into the soft fur inside his thigh, making grunting noises as he chewed and licked at a particularly matted patch. When he had finished, he saw that Grrga was waiting, watching him carefully from the sides of his eyes.

“What of it, short-tailed one? Why do you version me with your trivial observations?”

“The big log has many monkey-things on it. They ride it towards the sand that appears and vanishes with the moon. Even now they walk upon the land near us. This is a new thing, oh Lordly One, whose name I dare utter.”

Monkey-things, eh? Mrrzpz pricked up his ears. This was indeed interesting.

“You may leave now, you have repaid your trespass with this news,” he drawled.

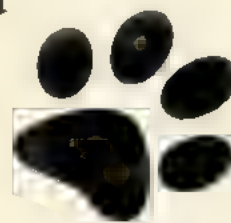
Grrga rose from his crouch and flicked into the nearby undergrowth, vanishing from sight.

Mrrzpz took off to the rocky headland to see this big log full of monkey-things. Could it be that the old stories were true? Half garbled tales handed down the generations that no one really believed but they all love to hear, over and over. About magical monkey-things, providers of food. Surely not! These were probably ordinary monkeys, cast afloat by some distant storm.

Mrrzpz arrived at the headland and stopped to sniff the air carefully. Yes, indeed there was a strange smell. Monkey-related, but overlaid with many other smells; old bush fire smell, blood smells, breeding female smells, wood and plant smells – all mixed together. Slowly now Mrrzpz picked his way through the firms and small shrubs, avoiding the path for fear of what he might meet face-to-face. Now he heard something ahead, he froze, and crouched down. Off to the side of the small glade ahead of him he saw it, face flat and both sides looking ahead,

like one of his own people, but this one was high above the ground. How big was it? Dark eyes looked out of dark brown fur – no – not fur, only bare skin and a ridiculous halo of fur, fleshed out in aggression over a strangely long body. Now he saw it – the monkey-thing walked on only two legs, standing up on them as if stretching to reach something high. Mrrzpz watched, hunkering down and swiveling to keep his face towards the monkey. There were two of them – one behind the other, stepping carefully through the undergrowth, their eyes watching, looking around at everything. They were so high they did not see Mrrzpz. They passed close by him and he got a good look at the legs and strangely flattened feet.

Mrrzpz was afire with curiosity. He followed, carefully shadowing the monkeys. Deeper into the Forest they went, moving quite quietly for such large and clumsy creatures. Not clumsy though – they were oddly elegant in that strange to legged gait. They carried branches on their shoulders, balancing them with one raised forearm. How monkey-like! Mrrzpz had often watched how others of their kind used twigs and sticks to catch their food – food no cat would





deign to eat, like ants and grubs.



Now he scented grunting ones nearby. They were coming to the wettest places where those hoofed nose-diggers liked to live. The



monkey things stopped and waved

their hands to each other. They took the



branches down from their shoulders and

began to walk in a crouch, holding the branches in a strange way.

More curious than ever, Mrrzpz crept forward. He

was sure the monkeys were stalking the grunting ones – at

least, if that was cats doing what they were doing, it would have been stalking.



And there! Look! One of them made the branch he was holding suddenly come alive. It flew!

Mrrzpz was so startled he almost fell over. It flew through the air and pounced on the grunting one, and there was the other branch, flying and pouncing too. The grunting one squealed and began to run, but the two branches clung tight to its back, their teeth buried in its flesh. The monkeys

ran fast and the grunter slowly fell on its side, still squealing. It was only a young one, but bigger than anything Mrrzpz could have tackled. Now the monkeys were crouched over the grunter, pushing and pulling on the branches, making the teeth push harder into the grunter, till it stopped squealing and went limp. The smell of blood filled the air, making Mrrzpz's mouth water.

Now they chattered in monkey-talk, the two of them. They use their forelegs to lift and carry the grunter between them. Mrrzpz marveled to see such a thing. They carried it all the way back to the place by the moving water, where the rest of the monkeys were, chattering loudly in their monkey way.

There was a smell of bushfire now! Mrrzpz crouched down in fear, his whole body wanting to flee from this oldest enemy, but the monkeys walked on. Were they fools?

But how could a fire burn on the sand that comes and goes by the water?

Mrrzpz crept forward on his belly, and saw a marvel. The monkeys stood and sat around a bushfire that stayed in one place, right down there on the sand. How did the fire start? How did the world that burned arrive all in that one place and ignite? Mrrzpz believed in

his heart that the monkeys had somehow brought the fire and made it to catch light. He had heard the stories all his life and scoffed at them, as they all did, but now he believed.

He crouched there for hours, as the night drew in and stars began to prick in the sky above; the ancestors' eyes looking down at them, blessing them, blessing Mrrzpz and the Great One and her kits, all Mrrzpz's sons and daughters were being blessed by the ancestors who had brought the fabled monkey-people-who-bring-food to their land. He smelled the blood of the slain grunter as the monkeys used teeth held in their hands to cut it apart.

He watched as they passed the raw liver amongst themselves, smearing their faces with its blood and grinning at each other with red teeth, chattering loudly. Then he smelled for the first time, cooking meat, and watched while the monkeys sat and chattered and then, finally ate of the meat. His mouth watered, and still he watched.

Finally when all of the monkeys had lain down to sleep, Mrrzpz crept

carefully towards that smell – the fire smell still made him want to flee. But the other smells drew him. And he was the brave and mighty Mrrzpz – he would be a hero, a legend of his people if he did not flinch and give up.

And he did it! He found a piece of the charred meat, full of fat. Sniffing carefully, cautiously, he reached out his tongue, tasted and carefully picked it up in his teeth. One of the monkeys turned over in its sleep, grunted and opened its eyes. Mrrzpz's teeth gripped to the meat and he fled, vanishing into the darkness.

Behind him the monkey showed its white teeth in a ferocious grin, it chattered to the female at its side, who drew back her lips in a snarl too, but chattered softly and wrapped a fore-limb about the male monkey.

Mrrzpz found a safe place and began to eat. It was true. The monkey-bringers-of-food really did exist. And they were here! The bond began to be formed.

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Scoops Co



at Boccaccio

When I was nine years old, my teacher had the ill-conceived idea that a good speaking project would be to have each of us tell a funny story to the class.

Of course many of us had no clue what actually constituted a funny story, and even fewer understood how to tell a story so that it would make anyone laugh. The boys, for example, were at the stage of learning the finer points of underarm farting.

So poor Mrs. Ferguson suffered through two or three days of mostly unfunny stories, to a rather callous audience who refused to laugh politely, so she had to. I rode a pony, and I fell off! I got food colouring on my fingers! My brother did a belly flop! ...I will never forget the sound of her lonely, fake laughter, echoing painfully in the classroom, after each story was told and the student took their seat again.

I did have a funny story, about the time I saw a bowl of sugar on the kitchen table, dipped my finger in and tasted it, and it turned out to be soap powder. Hilarious! It would have had my classmates in stitches. I

chose to abandon that tale and substituted an obscure memory which not one person found amusing (including Mrs. Ferguson) and which might even have mildly traumatized some.

It was about a car trip with my family. I believe we went with my parents, three siblings, a cousin and an aunt to a suspension bridge, all crammed into one car, as you did in those days before seat belts, and there were a lot of kids to be transported. So we visited the bridge, enjoyment ensued, and then as I got distracted by an information poster at the site, my family all piled into the car and drove off. Without me.

Ha ha! I returned to my seat proudly after telling my story, convinced Mrs. Ferguson's laughter was sincere in my case, even if the rest of the class sat in horrified silence.

Now my parents, stuffed into the car with everyone else, having abandoned a young child in a wooded and secluded area, soon realized they were one kid short and returned for me. I was completely unbothered by the incident, and they found me waiting patiently, not

pissed off at all. In fact... ho ho ho!
We all had a great chuckle.

The reason this struck me as strange was because I actually was traumatized as a very wee child. It is one of my earliest memories. My family used to rent a cabin near the beach for a couple of weeks every summer. There was an amusement park nearby, and I believe we did things like clam-digging and what not. I have vague memory of a giant pot of boiling water and sea creatures being dropped into it.

I was maybe two or three years old, spending a lazy afternoon at the beach with my mother. Everyone else was off somewhere, but we staked out a spot with a log to lean on, and I played with a plastic bucket in the sand while my mother sunned herself. Then I fell asleep, as tots are wont to do on a lazy summer afternoon. When I awoke, I was alone. The blanket was still there, and the imprint where mummy had been lying in the sand, but no mummy. There were only strange people all around. I stood up in a panic and started to wail.

A horrible menacing stranger tried to console me, until my mother

reappeared, somewhat flustered, having dashed across the road to our cabin to use the toilet, and had only been gone half a minute. According to her. Or had she got tired of a small chubby girl with a powerful set of lungs, and planned to leave her alone on the beach among strangers, forever?

I still remember the sense of panic, possibly the first time I ever felt alone and out of the sphere of absolute protection and security that my parents offered. It's not a pleasant memory. Perhaps it was the sense of absolute loss, followed by my mother scooping me up a minute later, that reinforced that even when I was out of sight, I was not unprotected or forgotten.

Because when I discovered my family had driven off without me, as I stood at the suspension bridge, I thought it was funny. I felt utterly unthreatened and imagined how amusing it would be to them all when they discovered I was missing. I knew my mother had just slipped away for a minute, and would be back to scoop me up.

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Nighttime In The North Merope Madrigal

I

Nighttime in the north
is hardly ever romantic;
unless the coyotes
singing love songs to the moon
across an empty highway etched
as deep in prairie grass as the grouse,
who coos her lullaby to chicks
hiding beneath her mottled wings;
makes you believe in love.

II

Teen love always finds shelter
below the draping leaves of birch
or willow, drawn closed
against the bright eyes that blink
a gleam into this private moment.
The cattails sigh against the brush
of river current upon the bank
and no one can be sure
if muskrat or beaver
splashes wetly in the dark.

III

Too soon the frost sneaks
in and does its evil damage
to the shades of green
painted on a summer forest
but only in the gloaming
does the chill descend beneath
the loam to prepare the way
for deeper, white crystal
icing, powdered on low, bramble

IV

I would not change
for the thrum of oars
The moon is not
above the steaming
of towers and cranes
of townhomes. Still
along the river like
winds inwards, or
back out on itself
to a harried crowd
for meditation on
No quiet calm to
the thirst for solit

ge this quiet
city drums.
so bright
ng vents
umped roofs
treets snake
ke a labyrinth
nly to spin
and open
d. No room
the path.
quench
ary thought.

V

Sleep with me and find dreams
that move us into tomorrow,
where fulfilled or not,
we will always have this memory.
Curled together we fit
our breath in time;
move toward the dawn.
Two clouds blown from the west



GENESIS

Jullianna Juliesse

In the beginning was the girl.
Born of no man's bone or flesh—
The girl was faultless.
Blonde, or red.
Her hair can be straight, curly—
Her hips have curves, or none.
She can play sports, like science.
She can love girls, or men, or both.
She can color her lips blood red,
The walls of her bedroom shell pink—

Watch the afternoon sun
And see that it is all gone
The girl can write poetry
She can write code.
She can write legislation
Our daughters paint time
Leave them by the road
Talismans for their sisters
Yeah, we're still here.
Pass it on.





an kiss the lace curtains,
ood.
ry.

on.
y colored stones,
dside,
ers—

In the beginning was the girl.
Physicist, poet, hooker,
Charlatan, housekeeper,
Kept woman, president, CEO.
Whatever.
Alpha and omega,
Pleasing to the goddess.
Naked, but not ashamed.

THE ENTRANCE

By rakshowes



He watched
unaided
inevitable outc

“Look Mum ne
the young lad
from a higher
movement, its
calmly strolls t

The cup tips at
ending in a slo
look at the me
the edge belyin
for the fallen c
delicately tasti
under its kisse

Undulations fl
cafe and despi
their knees.

Truly they are
golden mass as
be deemed ob
mass of cro

The young boy
ball-like in his
the soft golden

Written and v

his Starbucks coffee timidly and with some trepidation traverses the polished tabletop, the mocha coloured fluid, tremulous in the face of its downfall...

“to hands” came the cry, the young lad excited and animated. Indeed he had nothing to do with this extraordinary event, the power emanating from a source, one so far away, one so pervasive it penetrated every level of existence, many fingers of control plucking at the web-strings of life, as it traversed the corridors of power with a smile and a bounce in its step...

It teeters on the edge and topples to the floor, skittering and bouncing, finally coming to a slow roll. Gasps from the watching boy, his mother aghast bending to see what he sees nothing but the empty cup, a few brown drips hanging from the rim, its use. Her gaze returning to the boy, she realizes his gasps are not for the coffee but for the undulating brown mass hovering by the table, its wooden edge, tiny droplets dripping from the wetted surface as it rolls.

Its golden and brown radiantly dominate the scene, its small size captures the audience who fall almost in unison to witness

to a miracle and while humbled observe the slow rising of the mass as it turns slowly in the air. If any floating mass of undulating fluid could be so serving, then this action alone demonstrated its dominance over the watching people, some trembling in awe of its presence.

The boy still standing holds out his hand and the coffee obediently settles on his palm. Its radiance grows and the boy smiles, his face illuminated in the light. This was a fine entrance for the Messiah.....

just pixels

by Elysienr

I guess it's just pixels
I tell myself this
when someone throws away
all the years of an SL friendship
the many experiences,
long conversations,
and music shared
as if it was just the blink of eye
as if it was no more than pixels

just pixels
just second life
nothing much to see
pull the plug
stop the electricity
and it all ends

just pixels
a game with
or levels of
nothing to
but human
some more
others more
everyone e

just pixels
it's just pixel
indeed just
but the pain

S
ne

hout a score
achievement
unlock
hearts
e special than others
e different than
lse

els
pixels
n is real



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